

The Musical World.

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VOL. 57.—No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

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5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, Nov. 8,
at Three o'clock. The Programme will include:—Symphony No. 6, in C (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in D minor (Rubinstein); Gavotte, in F, for strings (Bazzini); Overture, *Lenora*, No. 3, in C (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Carlotta Elliot (her first appearance); Mr Edward Lloyd, Solo Pianoforte—Miss Anna Mehlig. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MAXX. Transferable Tickets for the eighteen Concerts, Two Guinea; Single Numbered Seats, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, One Shilling. Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

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S.W.—The GROSVENOR PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, at Popular Prices, will commence at the above Hall, on MONDAY Evening, Nov. 21, at Eight o'clock precisely, and continue on alternate Mondays, viz. Dec. 8 and 22. Artists at present engaged: Pianoforte—Miss Edwards, Herr Lehman; Violin—Herr Schneider; Violoncello—Herr Schulerth, Herr Otto Leit; Clarinet—Mr LAZARUS; Vocalists—Miss Edwards, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Frederic Penna, &c., &c. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s. Programmes and all further particulars to be had of Messrs HOLLIS, Music Publishers, 63, Ebury Street, S.W.

MDME LIEBHART begs to announce that she has established a VOCAL ACADEMY, for Amateur and Professional Ladies, at her Residence, on the system of the Vienna Conservatoire. Particulars of MDME LIEBHART, 67, Warwick Road, Maida Vale, W.

MDME LIEBHART also begs to announce her intention of giving a Series of BALLAD CONCERTS in the course of the Winter Season, in which her most advanced professional pupils will have an opportunity of making their appearance in public. Further particulars will be duly announced.—67, Warwick Road, Maida Vale, W.

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MISS EUGENIE KEMBLE, London Conservatoire of Music (pupil of Lansdowne Cottell), will sing at Mr Samuel Hayes's Benefit Concert, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Monday next, Nov. 10.

MDLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN begs to announce that she has ARRIVED in Town for the Season. Address—6, Brompton Square, S.W.

MISS EDITH GOLDSBRO' will perform Galop Brillant, "L'ENTRAIN" (LINDSAY SLOPER), and BALLADE-CAPRICE (HERZ) at the Grand Concert, Hatton Garden, Nov. 10.

MR and MDME EDWYN FRITH (Basso and Contralto), of the Royal Albert Hall and principal London and Provincial Concerts, request communications concerning Oratorio, Ballad Concerts, &c., to be addressed—47, TACHEBROOK STREET, Belgravia, S.W. Engaged for Surrey County Club, Nov. 12; Walworth, Nov. 18; St James's Hall, Dec. 4; Gravesend, Dec. 9; Birmingham Philharmonic Society, *Woman of Samaria*, Dec. 27; St James's Hall, Feb. 17, 1880, &c. Vacancies for a few Professional or Amateur Pupils.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and "THE MESSAGE"

MR LEONARD POYNTER will sing, on the 28th November, at the Camden Athenaeum, ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and BLENNETHAL'S Song, "THE MESSAGE."

"TELL ME NOT MY LOVE WILL CHANGE."

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing the New Song (composed expressly for him), "TELL ME NOT MY LOVE WILL CHANGE," at the Royal Aquarium Concert, November 24th.

"THOU ART SO NEAR."

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing REICHARDT's popular Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR," at Maidstone, November 10th.

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THIS DAY (SATURDAY), Nov. 8 (commencing at Two o'clock), will be performed "FAUST." Faust, Signor Frapoll; Mephistopheles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Mr Carleton; Siebel, Mdme Piani (her first appearance in that character); Martha, Mdle Stelzner; and Margherita, Mdle Minnie Hauk.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Nov. 8, VERDI's Opera, "AIDA." Rhadames, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance in that character in England); Amneris, Mdme Trebelli; and Aida, Mdme Marie Roze.

NEXT WEEK.—Mdle Minnie Hauk.

MONDAY next, Nov. 10, "CARMEN." Carmen, Mdle Minnie Hauk.

TUESDAY next, Nov. 11, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Brignoli; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Pantaloni; Azucena, Mdme Trebelli; and Leonora, Mdme Eugénie Pappenheim.

WEDNESDAY next, Nov. 12, "MIGNON." Guglielmo, Signor Frapoll (his first appearance in that character in England); Lotario, Signor Rota (his first appearance in that character); Federico, Mdme Trebelli; Filina, Mdle Ima di Murska; and Mignon, Mdme Marie Roze (her first appearance in that character this season).

THURSDAY next, Nov. 13, FLIOTOW's Opera, "MARTA." Lionello, Signor Fancelli; Plumketto, Mr Conly; Nancy, Mdme Trebelli; and Maria, Mdle Ima di Murska.

FRIDAY next, Nov. 14, WEBER's Opera, "OBERON." Mdme Trebelli and Mdme Eugénie Pappenheim.

SATURDAY Evening, Nov. 15, "CARMEN." Mdle Minnie Hauk.

Special Notice.—Grand Matinée.

SATURDAY Afternoon, Nov. 15 (at Two o'clock), VERDI's Opera, "AIDA." Amneris, Mdme Trebelli; and Aida, Mdme Marie Roze.

Doors open at Seven. The Opera will commence at Half-past Seven.

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"KILLARNEY."

MDME ALICE BARTH will sing BALFE's admired Song, "KILLARNEY," at Maidstone, Nov. 10, and Bath, Nov. 15.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR JOHN CROSS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire), at his first concert of the season, at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, Nov. 12.

"I'M AN ALSATIAN."

THIS popular Duet from OFFENBACH's operetta, *Litschen und Fritschen*, will be sung at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, by MR JOHN CROSS and his Pupil, Miss BATHER, on Nov. 12.

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MIGNON.

"HAST THOU E'ER SEEN THE LAND" ("CONNAIS TU LE PAYS"), sung by Miss JULIA GAYLORD in the English version of AMBROISE THOMAS'S celebrated opera, *Mignon*, now being performed with great success, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, is published, price 4s. (English words by JOHN OXENFORD), by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MUSICAL EVENINGS ABROAD.

PARIS, 1879.

Monday, October 27.—A fresh interest is imparted to Donizetti's well-worn opera of *La Favorite* by the débuts of a new Leonore and a new Alphonse. The former of these, Mdle Richard, to considerable personal attractions, adds a mezzo-soprano of fine quality and decided dramatic talent. Mdle Richard is still very young, and has yet to acquire the full control of her resources, as was shown in the great scene, "Oh mon Fernande," of the third act, towards the close of which she was evidently exhausted. She was heard to far greater advantage in the final duet, and her delivery of the verse, "C'est mon rêve perdu," roused the audience to enthusiasm. M. Bouhy (Alphonse) sings with much purity of voice and style, and is altogether full of promise. Both *débuts* are acquisitions to the Grand Opera, and their progress will be watched with interest. The Fernande (Bosquin) is an artist of experience, and Menu makes a very good Balthazar. The stage-management of this house maintains its unrivalled reputation, and the *finale* gains much as a picture by the skilful manner in which the monks and *religieuses* are disposed about the scene, instead of merely coming on from the sides, as in London.

The ballet, *Yedda*, is a very brilliant affair. The story—laid in Japan—opens with the betrothal of two peasants, Yedda and Nori. The festival is presently interrupted by the arrival of the Mikado and his *suite*. Struck by the beauty of Yedda, the prince does not attempt to conceal his admiration, and the girl, dazzled by the splendour of his surroundings, lends a willing ear to his addresses. The party breaks up, but Yedda is left on the stage, distracted by the conflicting emotions of love and ambition. To—a creature of the Mikado—now approaches, and she inquires of him whether, by any means, she can change her condition, and, becoming one of the ladies of the Court, secure the lasting attachment of her sovereign. To tell her that if she has the courage to repair at midnight to the Court of Sakourada, the Elin Queen, she may affect all her wishes. In the second act—which irresistibly recalls the scene of the Will's in *Giselle*—we are introduced to Sakourada and her attendant spirits, assembled on the banks of a moonlit lake. Yedda is suddenly discerned gliding on a lotus-leaf over the surface of the waters. Stepping lightly on shore, she comes forward, and makes known her ambitious request to the Queen. Sakourada promises to grant it, and endows her with a magic oak branch, each leaf of which, when plucked, will procure its corresponding wish, but tells her, at the same time, that when the last leaf has been gathered nothing will remain for her but to die. Yedda accepts the gift, with its conditions, and repairs to the Court of the Mikado. Here the enchanted oak leaves gain for her beauty, wealth, admiration, and the love of the prince. But the Mikado had been previously promised in marriage to a princess, his cousin, and this princess, stung with jealousy at finding herself supplanted, bribes To to assassinate her rival. Seeing her danger, the unhappy girl hastily tears off the last leaf, when Nori at once appears and receives in his own breast the dagger intended for the faithless Yedda. Overwhelmed with remorse, Yedda falls lifeless upon the corpse of her old lover, and so the story ends.

In the title rôle of this ballet, Mdle Mauri—a Spaniard, who came here from La Scala, at Milan—occasions an amount of excitement rarely witnessed of late years at the Grand Opera, and is, in certain qualities, superior to any other dancer we remember. It is not that Mdle Mauri actually effects more, but that everything she does seem so effortless, and is accomplished with such wonderful ease, finish, and *aplomb*. To do full justice to the talent of this admirable artist, we should be compelled to follow her part, step by step; but, as one instance, we may cite a series of very difficult circular steps, executed in the lake-scene of the second act, with a lightness and rapidity simply astounding. We really can recall nothing in dancing so fine. As Sakourada, Righetti—whose form a sculptor might envy—alternately poses and pirouettes with surpassing grace, and the beautiful Merante leads a troop of *coryphées*, quite equal to any found, during the best days of ballet, at the old theatre in the Rue Lepelletier. The music of M. Olivier Métra should not be passed over without notice. Much of it is of distinguished merit; a waltz and some quadrilles in the second act struck us as being particularly elegant. The *costumière* has reproduced the various quaint

features of Japanese costume, without any approach to its more grotesque elements. The scene of the lake is exquisitely painted, and the whole thing, in fact, is a marvel of magnificence and good taste.

Tuesday, October 28.—*Roméo et Juliette* is an unequal and disappointing work. True, Gounod is at his best in the ball-room music of the first act, which, from first to last, is delightful. There is a pretty chorus, "Mysterieux et sombre," sung by Mercutio and the Montague faction, behind the scenes, at the beginning of the second act. The quartet, "O pur bonheur, O joie immense," in the third act is superb. The love passages throughout, and notably the duet, "Nuit d'hyménée," in the chamber of Juliet, are quite worthy of the composer of the garden-scene of *Faust*. As a whole, however, the opera—like too many others—fatigues by its great length, and is quite unsuited to such a theatre as the Opéra-Comique. Mdle Adele Isaac is much too robust in figure and appearance for Shakspeare's youthful heroine, but has a powerful voice, and is a showy and expressive singer. Her rendering of the scale-passages in the waltz, "Je veux vivre," creates quite a *furor*, but she is hardly sympathetic enough, although always clever and painstaking, for the love-music which follows. Nor is Talazac by any means an ideal Romeo, though he sings with an intensity of expression, seldom exceeded. The Mercutio (Barre) and Tybalt (Furst) are excellent, and the execution of the opera, in its *ensemble*, is, as usual, faultless. The new decorations of the Opéra-Comique impart a most unwonted brightness to the house. The mixture of gold and silver gilding in front of the boxes is not particularly happy, but the *coup d'œil* is altogether very pleasing, and the ceiling is quite a masterpiece. The seats, unfortunately for those who occupy them, are as cramped and comfortable as ever.

Wednesday, October 29.—The taste for spectacular opera being apparently on the increase, in London—witness the attraction of *Aida*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, last season—it would surely be well worth the while of one of our managers to produce *La Juive*, which has not been heard there since 1852. The plot of this opera is all-absorbing in its interest, and, despite its coldness, there is much grace, and some grandeur, in the music of Halévy, which throughout is invariably clever and scholar like, to say nothing of its being infinitely more melodious, than that with which Verdi has illustrated his last and most elaborate—though, to our thinking, decidedly his least satisfactory—opera. The powers of Gabrielle Krauss (Rachele) are beginning to wane, but she is, and to the last will remain, a really great artist. Mdle Hamann (Eudoxie) is much too feeble for so large a theatre as the Grand Opera. Bourdoursque makes a very dignified looking Brogni, and declaims the air, "Que la rigueur, et la vengeance," in a highly impressive manner. Villaret is at his best in the part of Elenzar, and comes out in the great scene "Dieu m'éclaira" at the close of the fourth act with surprising vigour. As for the getting up of *La Juive* at the Grand Opera, the massing and grouping of the supernumeraries, the scenes built up upon the stage, the dancing and processions, the real armour, and the real horses, they should be seen to be realised. We very much doubt whether so perfect a combination of splendour and artistic taste, as displayed in the *mise-en-scène* of this great lyric establishment, could be found at any other theatre in the world.

Thursday, October 30th.—It is now nearly two years ago that Mdle Bilbaut-Vauchelet made her first appearance at the Opéra-Comique, and at once took root there, as the most promising singer of the light French school, heard in Paris for many years past. It is gratifying to find that the exceptional promise which she then manifested has not been belied by her subsequent performances. Mdle Bilbaut-Vauchelet has made real and steady progress in the interval. Her voice is rounder and sweeter, her method more ripened, her execution more facile—more correct it could scarcely be—than at the period of her *début*. As Catarina, in *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, she charms from first to last, by a combination of personal and artistic attractions very rarely to be met with in conjunction, we should say, on any stage. Her *bravura* singing is wonderfully neat and brilliant, as is exemplified in the well-known rondo, "Je veux briser ma chaîne." But it is in her *cantabile*, and the delivery of *sotto voce* passages, that Mdle Vauchelet is, we think, altogether unsurpassed. Take for example her share of the duet, "Adieu, seigneur," with its *staccato* runs, and the prolonged notes, dying away, *pianissimo*. We cannot

imagine anything more enchanting in the art of singing than this. It is not easy to speak in sufficiently high terms of this lovely and fascinating girl, who only wants a little more power, a little more animation, and the experience of a few more years—which doubtless will add the other requisites—to qualify her for assuming the highest position on the operatic stage. Pretty Mlle Chévalier (Diane), Herbert (Don Henrique), Chenevière (Don Sébastien), Maris (Rebollo), and Bernard (Campo Meyer), make up a cast which would have been as satisfactory to Auber as it is to the frequenters of the Opera-Comique. We can picture nothing more enjoyable in the way of opera than *Les Diamans* as at present performed here. And neither here, nor elsewhere, have we ever enjoyed any opera more.—MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Before referring to the opening of the new season in St James's Hall on Monday evening, we must call attention to the fact that Messrs Chappell & Co. have published the complete repertory of their enterprise from its beginning, Feb. 14, 1859, to the end of the twenty-first season in April last. During that time the extraordinary number of 674 concerts were given, with programmes chosen from the instrumental works of eighty-one composers. These figures are probably unexampled in musical records. Compared with some kindred institutions on the Continent, and a few among ourselves—as, for example, the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies—the Popular Concerts are comparatively young. But we should vainly look elsewhere for an equal amount of work achieved, we will not say in the same time, but in any period of existence that has been enjoyed by any society whatever. This is the more noteworthy, and by much the more satisfactory, because the Popular Concerts have never swerved from their purpose of promoting the highest forms of chamber music. So far Mr Arthur Chappell has been splendidly consistent, resisting all temptations to turn aside after cheap but fleeting success, and, while ready to enlarge his repertory by the admission of new works, taking care to insist upon excellence as a *sine qua non*. The director may be further congratulated upon having shown himself hardly less firm in declining to associate his enterprise with mere virtuosity. It is true that for years past the greatest violinist and violoncellist in the world have been features of every season; but Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti are not mere virtuosi. They are artists first and performers afterwards, their capacity as performers being made strictly subordinate to their duties as artists. So with nearly all whose services Mr Chappell has enlisted, and if there was a feverish time during which a sensation-loving public frequented St James's Hall, not so much to hear a Beethoven as to see a von Bülow, we may be thankful that those evil days were few—that Rubinstein came, crushed the doctor, and did not play for Mr Chappell in his stead. It is worthy of remark, as bearing upon the consistent course pursued during twenty-one years, that all that time the Popular Concerts have had but one director, one conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, and one annotator of the programmes, Mr J. W. Davison. Although Sir Julius appears less often now than formerly, and is ably assisted by Mr Zerbin, he remains as closely associated with the enterprise in the public consciousness as ever he was; while if anything were needed to remind us of Mr Davison's eminent services it would be found in the twenty-one volumes of his analysis—a contribution to musical criticism as unique as the occasion that called it forth. These books are, with regard to chamber music, a library in themselves, and one the more valuable because the author presents a rare combination of musical knowledge and literary skill. Mr Davison has exercised, for more than a generation, great influence on the progress of his art in England, and we trust it may be long before he ceases to do so; but his most enduring, if not his best, memorial will be found in the volumes of the Popular Concerts. A man who has done such work as this has not lived in vain and cannot soon be forgotten. Reverting to the published catalogue, some interesting points suggest themselves, in particular as to the comparative favour bestowed upon composers and masterpieces. We are not surprised to find Beethoven at the head of all. That is his place, uncontested and

indisputable. Of this great man's productions for the chamber no fewer than ninety-one have been played in St James's Hall; the collective performances being 823, and the most often-played works the Septet, the Kreutzer Sonata, the Trio in B flat, and the Quintet in C major. Mendelssohn comes next with fifty-four compositions, the most popular of which are the Quintet in B flat and the two pianoforte trios in D minor and C minor respectively. Then follows Mozart with fifty-three, having at their head the Quintet in G minor, the clarinet Quintet, and the Quartet in C major. Frederick the Great's "Old Bach" also makes a good show with fifty-three, and close at the heels of the illustrious Cantor are Haydn and Schumann with fifty each. From these exalted figures we drop to Schubert's modest thirty and Spohr's twenty-nine, whence there is another descent to Chopin's twenty-three and Handel's fifteen. Looking at this mass of high-class music—the highest that the art has yet compassed—there is supreme satisfaction in knowing that audiences have been found to hear it over and over again, and that it is still being performed with undiminished favour. While such a state of things endures we need be under no alarm for the public taste. English music is but modestly represented in the catalogue by two works of Balfe, six of Sterndale Bennett, three of George Macfarren, two of Henry Smart, one of Mellon, one of Loder, and an organ fugue by Le Jeune. Of these composers five are dead, and it might be worth Mr Chappell's while to ascertain—if we may assume him to have not done so already—whether their successors of the present generation deserve notice. At any rate, it would be satisfactory to find that our younger musicians are not entirely disqualified for admission to the "glorious company" whose genius illumines the Popular Concerts. Referring to the organ fugue, we may also express a hope that from time to time some of the noblest works for the "king of instruments" may again be presented. Not the least value of the catalogue is due to the light thrown upon the popularity of living composers belonging to the various Continental schools. With his thirteen works, many of them frequently performed, Brahms ranks first among the accepted ones, and almost, if not quite, pretends to classic dignity. Rubinstein also stands well to the front, with the special advantage that he is more and more frequently heard. On the other hand, Raff retrogrades rather than advances. He began well, five years ago, with three works, but last year was represented only by one small composition. Gernsheim has so far shared the fate of Raff, while the Norwegian Greig has never advanced beyond a single sonata, played in 1875. With him may be classed Kiel, Lachner, and Reinecke. To Saint-Saëns more favour has been shown; Rheinberger flourishes after a fashion on his quartet in E flat, and Goetz and Goldmark have been introduced too recently for any estimate of the place they will hold in the end. At present, therefore, only Brahms and Rubinstein have the ear of the St James's Hall public, and, with regard to them popular opinion is not far wrong. But while these composers find favour, others, whom not a few connoisseurs account greater, suffer neglect. Only one work by Clementi has been played since 1866; only one by Dussek since 1873; not a note of Hummel has been heard for four years; Steibelt has been silent since 1860, and Woelfl since 1873. One reason for this may be discovered in the secession of Mme Arabella Goddard from Mr Chappell's company; but it is not creditable that such masters as we have just named should depend for a hearing upon the exertions of a single artist. Let us hope that a measure of justice may be done to them in the immediate future. Albeit the catalogue thus gives cause for some regret, it supplies far more reason for congratulation, and is one of which English lovers of music have a right to be proud.

The first concert of the new season began well, with an audience as numerous as usual at this period of the year, and a programme made up of thoroughly interesting materials. The first work, for example, was a hitherto unheard quartet in B flat (Op. 50) by Haydn. Considering how often a Haydn quartet is played at these concerts as a novelty, it may be supposed that there are not many of the "eighty-three" left for hearing. But, as a matter of fact, very nearly one half remains, the work produced on Monday being only the forty-third given in St James's Hall. Haydn is thus practically inexhaustible—a fact for which all who heard his delicious music in B flat were thankful. Respecting each quartet as it is brought out, one naturally says that it ranks

among the old master's best. And this is more nearly truth than an exaggeration, for Haydn is always the same consummate artist, full of geniality and grace. His work was perfectly played on Monday by Mdme Néruda, Herr Ries, Mr Zerbini, and Signor Piatti, and received with all the warmth it deserved. The place of the usual pianoforte solo was occupied by Rubinstein's Sonata in D minor, for pianoforte and violoncello, the exponents being Mdme Janotha and Signor Piatti. As the sonata has been heard five times since 1873, there is no need to enlarge upon its character. Enough that the quaintly charming Allegretto pleased as of old, and that all the movements were given with accuracy, if not with an excess of spirit, by the eminent performers concerned. Mdme Janotha seemed to be under the influence of nervousness, and lacked the force and fire of her efforts last year. In the second part Mdme Néruda made a splendid success with Vitali's ingenious Chaconne in G minor. Rarely has this fine artist shown greater power either over her instrument or her audience. She infused real passion into the quaint variations of the old master, and made his music instinct with a life which stirred all who listened. Well did Mdme Néruda earn the enthusiastic applause that followed her last chord. Beethoven's familiar Trio in E flat (Op. 70) brought the concert to an end. The vocalist was Miss Lilian Bailey, who made a very successful *début*. Miss Bailey possesses a soprano voice of excellent quality, and is a singer whose considerable present means promise yet more notable acquisitions in the future. Her rendering of a florid air by Handel, and of Weber's "Und ob die Wolke," showed a mastery of very different styles, and was much applauded. The accompaniments were in the safe hands of Mr Zerbini.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, November 1:—

Rondeau à la Polonoise, in C minor, Op. 37, pianoforte (William Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Elwell, pupil of Mr Westlake; Recitative, "And God said," and Air, "With verdure clad," *Creation* (Joseph Haydn)—(accompanist, Mr C. T. Corke)—Miss Marshall, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Prelude and Caprice, in C minor, from "Partita," No. 2, pianoforte (J. S. Bach)—Mr H. Lake, pupil of Mr H. R. Evers; Recitative, "Eccomi al fin," and Aria, "Ah! quel giorno," *Semiramide* (Rossini)—(accompanist, Mr Morton)—Arsace, Miss Hilda Wilson, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Sketches (MS.), in F and A flat, pianoforte (Maud Willett, student)—Miss Maud Willett, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr W. G. Cousins; Song, "May Dew" (William Sterndale Bennett)—(accompanist, Miss Jessie Percivall)—Miss Paget, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Fugue, in C minor, organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr C. E. Metcalfe, pupil of Dr Steggall; Quartets (MS.), "Love's Conceit" and "Robyn's Complaints" (Rose Davenport, student)—Misses M. Hogg and Butler and Messrs B. Davies and Dunman, pupils of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Trio, in E flat, pianoforte, clarinet, and viola (Mozart)—Misses Nichols, Frances Thomas and Mr Wand, pupils of Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr Lazarus, and Mr Weist Hill; Rondo, from Sonata in C, "Il moto continuo," pianoforte (Weber)—Miss Martin, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Aria, "O ciel, quanti gioi!" *Faust* (Charles Gounod)—(accompanist, Mr C. T. Corke)—Miss Kathleen Grant, pupil of Mr Fiori; Impromptu, in C, Op. 5, on a Theme by Clara Wieck, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Beatrice Davenport (Lady Goldsmid scholar), pupil of Mr W. G. Cousins; Song (MS.), "The Flower Girl" (J. Stirling Dyce, student)—(accompanist, Miss Ellen Lindsay)—Miss Bell, pupil of Mr H. C. Lunn and Mr Fiori; Fugue, in E flat, organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr G. J. Bennett (Balfé scholar), pupil of Mr W. G. Wood; Trio, "Vorrei parlar," *Palstaff* (M. W. Balfé)—(accompanist, Mr Percy Stranders)—Mrs Egerton Brownlow (Mrs Ford), Miss H. Hallowell (Anne Page), and Miss Eliza Thomas (Mrs Page), pupils of Mr Garcia; Romance, in A (MS.), pianoforte and violoncello (William Sewell, Novello scholar)—Messrs W. Sewell and Whitehouse, pupils of Professor Macfarren, Mr Westlake, and Mr Piatti; Song, "When I remember" (G. A. Macfarren)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Sherman Dale, pupil of Mr Benson; Selection from "Douze Etudes Mélodiques et Brillantes," Op. 23, pianoforte—No. 10. Allegro moderato, No. 11. Andante pastorale, No. 4. Andante con moto, and No. 8. Tarantella, presto (F. B. Jewson)—Miss C. J. Stevenson, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson.

A new theatre will be opened on the 1st January in Marsala.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS ON THE OPERA.

(From the "Academy," Nov. 1.)

Mr Sutherland Edwards is well known as an authority on Russia. He is also at home in all that concerns music. Last Monday evening he thoroughly amused, and instructed not a little, a select audience on that truly cosmopolitan institution, the opera. He made no attempt to combine his information upon those two subjects, though what was evidently intended as a joke about *prime donne* visiting "all civilised Europe, and Russia besides," was taken up by some of the audience as an intentional attack on that empire, and applauded in a fashion which evidently somewhat discomfited the lecturer. It was possibly an indignant Russian who about this period of the performance quitted the hall with quite unnecessary loudness. But the rest of the audience testified, by their appreciative attention, to the pleasure they received from a lecture which was unusually full of information conveyed in the most agreeable of manners, and rendered specially attractive even to persons not addicted to music by the vein of quiet humour which ran through it from first to last. All may not entirely agree with the lecturer, that we trace in "opera not a natural growth from below like the spoken drama, but an artificial creation from above;" for such lyrical dramas as the *Khorovods*, or dances to song, of those Russian peasants whom Mr Edwards knows so well are in themselves operettas of purely popular growth, and like performances may still be witnessed in many parts of Europe—in Greece, for instance, or in Servia. Perhaps, moreover, a closer examination of caves tenanted by prehistoric man may produce relics of an antediluvian opera quite as genuine as many objects figuring in archaeological museums. And some critics may demur to any prevalence in England of a "love of the Commonwealth for this style of dramatic work, by reason of its unintelligibility." But from the lecturer's remarks about the present and the future of the operatic stage few will be inclined to dissent, unless it be tenors who object to his classing them—as if they were mammoths, or, at all events, dodos—with creations of a past age. With every word which he uttered about operatic performances in general all will agree who wish to see music seriously cultivated as a science, not rendered the mere handmaid of frivolity or the degraded slave of dull dissipation. Mr Edwards repeats his lecture this afternoon (November 1st) at the Steinway Hall, where also he will discuss "Compacts with the Fiend! Notes on Remarkable Persons who have had Dealings with the Devil." Though probably lacking the element of personal knowledge which rendered his former lecture so attractive, yet the latter performance is sure to interest if only it abounds in the humour which made its predecessor so pleasant. It would be well if the lecturer would allow himself more breathing times, and his audience more intervals for applause, and would less frequently adopt the attitude in which a Roman poetaster prided himself on composing centuries of verse.

(From the "Athenæum.")

Mr Sutherland Edwards, whose excellent work on *The Russians at Home and the Russians Abroad* was recently noticed in our columns, delivered a most entertaining and instructive lecture on "The Opera" last Monday evening at the Steinway Hall. After tracing the history of operatic performances from the earliest times to the present day, he dealt in an amusing manner with the leading personages of the lyrical drama, the enchanting *prima donna* and her envious rivals, the rare tenor, the useful baritone, and the necessary bass. His remarks on opera in general were as sensible as they were diverting, whether he lightly disposed of the arguments often levelled against it by gentle dulness, or brought the weight of combined wisdom and humour to bear upon the unreasonable section of its admirers.

TO SAMUEL TOPER TABLE

I havnt the least wish
to be young Tom Hood
nor do I wish to be a
Shelly fish although
I've just writtn a poem
upon the love of an oyster
for the moon
Nor do I intend reading
Victor Hugo
Nor will I put my mental
tusk in Ruskin
But I enclose the translation
of a Norwegian poem

Bolkaw.

RACINE AND MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 695.)

II.

In addition to *Athalie* and *Esther*, Moreau set the Scriptural Canticles which Racine had written for the pupils at Saint-Cyr, but Louis Racine is probably wrong in saying his father wrote them the same year that *Esther* was performed, and unjust towards Moreau when he adds: "These Canticles would have been much more useful to the young ladies of the institution had the music corresponded to the words, but the musician to whom they were given, and who had previously set the choruses in *Esther*, did not possess the talent of Lulli." It is not everyone who can be a Lulli, but a man may have talent though he may not be able to boast of genius, and Louis Racine is too good a son when he exalts his father's poetry at the expense of poor Moreau's music. The great author judged his collaborator more justly when he expressed himself as follows in his letters to Boileau: "I suppose you have come back from your journey," he wrote at Fontainebleau on the 28th September, 1694, "so you will soon be able to send me your opinion on a new Canticle I have written since I have been here, and which I do not think will be followed by any more. Those which Moreau set were exceedingly liked. He is here, and is to sing them very soon before the King." In his next letter, dated the 3rd October, Racine says: "The King heard the two other Canticles sung, and was greatly pleased with M. Moreau, who, we trust, will find his advantage therein."

Only the first three Canticles were by Moreau; the fourth was by Michel-Richard de Lalande, Superintendent of the King's Music—as Moreau declares at the head of the edition of the four Canticles published at Paris in 1695 by Christophe Ballard. But what was the date of these same Canticles? Racine, writing in 1694, speaks of them in the present tense; but the son asserts that his father composed them the same year that *Esther* was performed, that is, in 1689, while, on the other hand, M. Taphanel, who follows step by step the *Memoirs* of the Ladies of Saint-Louis, says that, on the performances of *Esther* being interrupted by the announcement of the Queen of Spain's death in February, 1689, Mdme de Maintenon, to give the singers something to do, and to divert the King, requested Racine to write some Canticles taken from Scripture; he furthermore tells us that Nivers, the organist, set them; that they were sung several times; and that the deposed King and Queen of England went to hear them as they had gone to hear *Esther*. Are these Canticles not those written by the great tragic author five years later, or are they the same which the organist, Nivers, set to music in the first instance, and which the poet afterwards confided to the superior talent of Lalande and of Moreau?

If we read one work by Moreau, or if we read two, it is always the same, and this is still more strongly the case, if we read three, as I did by proceeding from *Esther* and *Athalie* to the *Cantiques spirituels*. Moreau's music, like that of Lulli's contemporaries and imitators, is a kind of declamation in notes, which strengthens the power of the verses by the breadth and power of the rhythm, while following step by step the poetry, without much repetition of words or lines; it was, indeed, for the purpose of conforming to the exigencies of the prosody and the metre that the musicians of those days changed so frequently rhythm and measure. The strophes are sung now by a solo singer; then by two voices; and on other occasions by the chorus; but, however, they may be combined, they follow each other with the same regularity as though they were merely read, and are only interrupted from time to time by a few bars, generally very short, of instrumental symphony. This plan appears to offer considerable variety, as long as we study only one or two choruses, but it speedily grows exceedingly monotonous; and, as the melodic phrase, or, to be more exact, the vocal recital, falls always in similar periods, with identical cadence, a singularly monotonous effect very quickly results from the prolonged repetition of formulas similar to the symphony and the voices—from the uniform pattern of all the pieces.

Some of Moreau's phrases possess a certain dash like that in the first chorus of *Athalie*: "Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence." This is really very spirited. But the instant there is a word suggesting imagery, or admitting the least descriptive effect,

the composer never fails to tack on some imitative ornament. He vocalises a whole measure on "*trompettes*;" he adorns with a fulgurant shake and a descending roulade the least "*tonnerre*;" and he renders "*ébranler la terre*" by a specimen of undulating vocalisation imitating the unequal rumbling of the thunder. Such playful descriptive touches were then the fashion, and no composer could have evaded the law requiring him to emphasise every "*voler*," every "*tonnerre*," and every "*couler*," by some ingenious stroke, but we should really be very wrong were we to be too severe towards the musical puerilities of a couple of centuries ago, for we have not improved so very much in this respect ourselves, and many modern composers act in this matter as did the composers of days gone by, without possessing their power of expression apart from this child's play, or their strict respect for prosody and declamation. This, indeed, is what renders the anomaly more striking in the musicians of past ages than in those of the present day, for the latter abandon themselves to infantine trifling all through a work, while Lulli and those who continued his system, though indulging in the weakness on certain words, always the same, became again energetic and simple in the next bar, and redeemed their passing submission to the taste of the day, by some vigorous piece of recitative, some pathetic air, or declamation as sober as it was powerful.

We can easily understand, on reading Moreau's music, that the last chorus in *Esther* appeared long, a fact which Racine endeavours gracefully to excuse, but that, if it did appear long and languishing, it was not on account of its being more so than the earlier choruses, but simply because it came last. We can, also, comprehend the amateurs of the next century readily foregoing the monotonous and superannuated psalmody which spun out to such a length the performance of Racine's masterpieces. It was then that the Abbé d'Olivet timidly recorded this opinion: "Connaisseurs have assured me that the music of the choruses in *Athalie* are thoroughly beautiful," while, however, he does not affirm or guarantee anything himself. Moreau might have felt humiliated, at one and the same time, by the decision of the actors to cut his music and the indecision of the critics to praise it, but, when d'Olivet was publishing his *Remarques de grammaire sur Racine*, the worthy Moreau had been dead a lustre, after having nearly attained the age of eighty, still singing and still drinking.

Is it not a law of this world that certain creations, much vaunted at one period, appear quite old and out of fashion after the lapse of a few years? This is a just law in the case of such ordinary productions as Moreau's. Whether his music was praised too highly when first performed and thought too little of afterwards, it is very certain that, rightly or wrongly, it pleased in its time, and Moreau reaped both glory and profit by it. What more could he desire? He received the most flattering evidence of the general gratification; he had read and heard people repeat "that his strains constituted one of the greatest charms of the piece;" and, lastly, he had received the most solid pledge of the royal satisfaction in two hundred silver pistoles, hard cash, and a pension of two hundred crowns, which the King bestowed on him a few days after the performance of *Esther*:† it was more honour than he could desire and more money than he needed to enable him to go and crack a bottle with his friend Lainez.

(To be continued.)

ST PETERSBURGH.—The Italian operatic season opened with *Norma*, but the result was not satisfactory. *Aida*, which followed, was highly successful, the principal characters being sustained by Mdme Salla, Signori Cotogni and Masini.

NEW YORK.—Discontented with his post as head of the Cincinnati Conservatory, Mr Theodor Thomas has thrown it up and returned to this city with the intention of forming another band similar to that over which he formerly presided.

BRUSSELS.—It is a question whether the Popular Concerts will be continued. The Government has hitherto granted 2,000 francs annually towards them and intends doubling that amount, but even this will be insufficient. The Minister of the Interior is said to have suggested their fusion with the National Concerts, as they are termed. But to this proposition M. Joseph Dupont, conductor of the "Pops," emphatically refuses his consent.

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.† Dangeau's *Diary*, Wednesday, 2nd March, 1689, at Marly.

MISS BESSIE RICHARDS.

To Dinkley Peters, Esq.

The first appearance of this young and already popular English pianist, at the Saturday concerts of the Crystal Palace, was, I am glad to be able to state, a legitimate success. She played Dr Ferdinand Hiller's masterly Concerto in F sharp minor (which I remember hearing, years ago, at a Philharmonic concert, from the skilled and ready fingers of its learned composer), just as I should fancy Hiller would himself like to hear it played; and I am glad to read in the columns of sundry among your contemporaries more or less just appreciation of her performance. The genial critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* enters at some length into the matter, and as, probably, you, being in the far Orkneys (still haunted by the ghosts of King Lot and his sons Gawain, Agravain, Gaheris, Gareth, and the misbegotten fiend, Modred?), may not have stumbled over an exemplar of the paper, I subjoin (with submission) the article *in extremis* :—

"Ferdinand Hiller has, as we gather from the harvest of information supplied by 'G,' produced no fewer than 170 works—among which are not included his interesting book about Mendelssohn, his delightful 'Conversations with Rossini,' nor his contributions on musical subjects to the *Cologne Gazette*; but musical compositions alone. The Concerto in F sharp minor, which served on Saturday to introduce a deservedly esteemed pianist, Miss Bessie Richards, to the audience of the Saturday concerts, is one of the works of his youth; and, without being either 'fresher than the spring' or 'hotter than the summer's sun,' it possesses considerable freshness and some warmth. It is not a very light work, however, and it is somewhat long. It is full, moreover, of difficulties; so that a young artist who has only been a few months before the public—though during that period she has made constant progress—could scarcely be expected to go through it in the style of a hardened veteran. Indeed, to a 'heart not encompassed with nerve of steel' some trepidation must, apart from the question of practical experience, be caused by the mere fact of appearing for the first time before so critical an audience as that of the Saturday concerts; and, under the circumstances, it was not very astonishing that in the execution of the spirited opening movement a certain want of firmness and precision was noticeable. In the melodious *andante*, however, Miss Richards played with much expression and with all her customary grace; and her highly effective performance of the final *allegro*, with its quaint and captivating theme in the Hungarian style, procured for her the well-merited honour of a re-call. The performance, as a whole, was one which the genial composer himself would certainly have appreciated."

I may (under protest) just put in a word here:—Miss Richards does not beat the keys, but caresses them; so that the keys reciprocate her gentle pressure and love her as she loves them. Heaven forbid that she should emulate the hammering of Thor, or, like the fiery von Bülow, adopt the Ercles vein. "Have we not Hiran here?—and are *etceteras* nothing?"—are questions that should never be addressed to her, under whose graceful manipulation "*etceteras*" become wild flowers, bathed in dew and glistening under the early sun. *Truth* itself, which bears the motto, "*Cultores veritatis fraudis inimici*," on the forehead of its inaugurative page, conveys as much, in the following brief apostrophe :—

"Miss Bessie Richards, the solo pianist at the last concert, promises to win a place amongst the few great players of whom this country can boast. She has already played a good deal in public, but this was her first appearance on the Crystal Palace platform. Hiller's fine Concerto in F sharp minor possesses many difficulties for a young player, but over these Miss Richards triumphed easily. She evidently possesses the ability to form an independent conception of a work, and to realise this conception with artistic skill."

The always curt and epigrammatic musical enricher of the *Daily News* says :—

"New to the Crystal Palace concerts also was the performance of that accomplished pianist, Miss Bessie Richards, who was re-called after her execution of Ferdinand Hiller's elaborate and difficult Concerto in F sharp minor."

Difficult it is "and no misunderstanding," as poor Leicester Buckingham would have said had he been alive to say it. Perhaps best of all, however, is the blunt, straightforward testimony borne to the talent exhibited by Miss Richards and the favourable reception she met with, by that musically conservative among conservatively musical of commentators, the critic of the *Morning Post* :—

"At the concert of Saturday Miss Bessie Richards, a young pianist of more than average ability, played Hiller's Concerto in F sharp minor in a style which at once showed that she was one of the most facile among our English players as far as technical expression was concerned, and also one of the most artistic with respect to the intelligence of her reading. Whether her qualifications be regarded from either point of view, or from both combined, the cordial and flattering reception accorded to her on this occasion may be taken as a testimony of the thorough appreciation of each by an audience only liberal of encouragement where true merit is concerned. The young pianist, new to these concerts, must have been gratified by her reception."

But enough has been cited to show you that the young English pianist, of whom you have more than once spoken in terms of encouragement, is worthy the interest you have shown in her career. When do you leave the Orkneys? My respect to the ghost of King Lot.

Quintus Fixlein.

THE RUINS OF TOMY'S CASTLE.

(A PLAINT.)

"Swifter far than Summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone?"

This building, before its demolition, was the highest inhabited dwelling in England, being 1396 feet above the sea, and was intended by the originator to render a service to science, by establishing an Observatory and Meteorological Station, as well as places for shelter and refreshments for visitors to this renowned and far-famed hill.

But it was assailed and besieged, not by Armstrong guns, for seven years, and like all hill fortresses, was, at last, compelled to surrender to the invaders, not for want of courage and pertinacity in opposing outsiders, but for the want of ammunition.

J. Down, Genr.

The Ruins,
Worcestershire Beacon, Oct. 9th, 1878.

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mme Schuch-Proska confirmed last Saturday at the Crystal Palace the good impressions she had made the preceding week. She seemed in better voice and has nothing left to learn in execution, and both voice and style were well exhibited by her diversified share in the programme, for besides two favourite German songs she contributed the *Barbiere* cavatina in Italian. Miss Hope Glenn made a pleasing first appearance in Haydn's "Spirit Song" and the well-worn "Quando a te lieta." By the way, the Crystal Palace printer has yet to learn Italian. Miss Bessie Richards's playing was a most interesting feature at the concert, though she appeared only in the central feature of the programme—Ferdinand Hiller's F minor concerto—and was not heard in a solo. She played specially well in the *andante* and *finale*. The orchestra, besides Mendelssohn's magnificent Scotch symphony, magnificently rendered, and a selection from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, performed a prelude and fugue by Mr Davenport, in which an effective subject is developed in a scholarly style.—*Whitehall Review*.

MUNICH.—A new opera, *Wieland der Schmied*, is in preparation at the Theatre Royal. Its composer, Herr Max Zenger, formerly conductor at the theatre, is now professor at the Royal School of Music.

HANOVER.—Serious differences arose lately at the Theatre Royal between Herr Hans von Bülow and Herr Schott, the tenor, the consequence being that the former gentleman ceased to conduct, and the latter to sing. Meanwhile, no grand operas could be given. Herr von Bülow has now resigned.

BROMBERG.—There died here recently, in his sixty-fourth year, Carl Goebel, Royal Music-Director. He was at one time conductor at the Stadttheater, Dantzic. He founded in this town a Musik-akademie, which, under his energetic management, became exceedingly prosperous. Besides being an admirable pianist, he was much esteemed as a composer. He wrote, among other things, two operas : *Chrysalide* and *Pritjof*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 10, 1879.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 93, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Spohr.*
SONGS, { "L'esperto nocchiero" *Buononcini.*
 { "Vado ben spesso" *Salvatorelli.*
SONATA, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone—M^{lle} JANOTHA *Beethoven.*

PART II.

RIO, in D minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—M^{lle} JANOTHA, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA and Signor PIATTI. *Schumann.*
SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—M^{me} CUMMINGS *Händel.*
QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 55, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Haydn.*
Conductor SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

THE FIRST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

THIS DAY,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 8, 1879.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 12, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "O, swallow, swallow"—Mr SANTLEY—violin, violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI *Piatti.*
SONATA, in C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 1 ("The Moonlight"), for pianoforte alone—M^{lle} JANOTHA *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in F major, for pianoforte and violin (No. 9 of Halle's Edition)—M^{lle} JANOTHA and M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA *Mozart.*
SONG, "The Erl King"—Mr SANTLEY *Schubert.*
TRIO, in C major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—M^{lle} JANOTHA, M^{me} NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI *Haydn.*
Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 80, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PENCERDD GWYFFN.—*Nullum medicamentum est idem omnibus.*
POLKAW.—Be careful how you speak of the "Jupiter" Symphony, and don't get the idea into your head that everything in the minor key is better than everything in the major. More anon.

QUODLIBET.—Yes; we have something to say about the Bow and Bromley Institute and Bach's two comic cantatas.

SHINNOTENDEN-CHO.—Read the *Queen of Spades* by Prosper Mérymaker; or dip your nose into it. To speak well of Ferdinand Hiller is to defy the statutes. Who would do that much perishes in mechanics.

DR WHOOP.—It was Pascal (not Rousseau) who invented omnibuses, and Louis XIV. (not Ivan the Terrible) who forbade labouring men to use them, and thus interfere with the comfort of the middle-classes (*bourgeois*). Dr Whoop is wrong about Grétry, though right about that composer's ideal Wagnerian theatre.

HEAD.—Oulibischeff did the same; but S. is not an Oulibischeff. Why don't you take up the cudgels for Robert against Richard? Read Hanslick on *Idomeneo*, and think of the pedal point towards the end of the overture. Forty years ago we (*we*) played it over (why over?) with the composer of *El Malechor*, the *Prince of Modena*, and the C minor (not E) overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, twenty-five times in succession. It was close by a churchyard in Paddington Street, at the house of one Lewis, a chemist. There are quarterlies and quarterlies. *Heu cauda!* Head! Head! wherefore art thou Head?

MR CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, known to all the musical world, abroad as well as at home, who died on Saturday the 1st inst. at his residence in Surrey Street, Strand, was buried yesterday afternoon in Highgate Cemetery. *Requiescat in pace!*

DEATHS.

On October the 30th, at his residence, 53, Carlton Hill, St John's Wood, after three days' illness from congestion of the lungs, AUGUSTE MARIOT-DE-BEAUVOISIN, Chevalier de la Toison d'Or, for upwards of thirty-five years professor of French and Literature in King William Street, City; also professor of French at St George's and St James's Halls. Highly respected and much beloved.

On November the 1st, at his residence, 18, Surrey Street, Strand, CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Esq., in his seventy-third year.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1879.

A BLUE BLOUSE AGAINST THE SKY.

*Six stories high, I saw a man
Blue-bloused, in the sky, on a chimney-pot:
'Twas a summer's morn and the sun began
To gather the mist from hill and tree
—A sprinkle of green here—further a lot.
The man was a chimney-sweep I wot.*

*There on the edge of the roof he stood
Of a house detached, six stories high
Roking a chimney as well as he could:
He went at his work quite careless and free
And walked on the edge, seeming safe as a fly,
In the full fresh air of the glorious sky.*

*Below him the big white city lay
Just foggily yawning from last night's sleep,
Sun-tickled; while if he looked away
There were lines of country, blue hill, greenwood;
And a great great sky, and the sparrows' cheep.
What a rare good sight was that chimney sweep!*

*Thus by him perched so perilous high
Men breathed the better, and fires burnt bright,
And the city got breath,—if it liked, to sigh.
The fear of a fall never chilled his blood,
He perhaps had a joy in the strange dizzy height.
I thought he looked like a poet of light.*

TO SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

Polkaw.

PARAPHRASE ON HENRIK IBSEN.

*My snowy swan,
Thou silent, thou still one,
Ne'er warbling to tell one
What Sorrow had won.*

*Heeding and hiding
The elf in thy breast asleep,
Listening, gliding
Away to thy westersleep.*

*Till the last meeting,
When oaths and warm eyes
Were all lies and lies,
Then brokest a-bleating.*

*And in a song's sighing
Thy life was undone,
Thou sangest dying,
—Thou wast a true swan.*

Polkaw.

Til min Kjaere Ven John Paulsen.

IDOMENEO IN VIENNA.

A NOTABLE event took place the day before yesterday at the Imperial Operahouse: Mozart's grand heroic opera of *Idomeneo* was performed there. The words: "For the first time" figuring in the playbill applied, however, only to the new house. The real first performance of *Idomeneo* in Vienna was given on the 13th May, 1806, and then, after four other representations, the work reposed for full thirteen years, down to 1819, when all attempts at re-animating it entirely ceased. It was not, consequently, for Vienna, but for the present race of those here who

love music that *Idomeneo* passed for the first time over the boards. The most venerable old gentlemen whose shiny white heads were scattered about the pit could, at most, only have been "taken" as little boys when *Idomeneo* was given here for the first time.

Performances of this work are everywhere seldom, but Dresden, Munich, and Berlin long since set us a good example. In other cities the plan (now adopted here also) of performing in chronological succession all Mozart's operas led to the resumption of *Idomeneo*; such was the case in Frankfort, where even the composer's *Zaida* was included in the series. The limits of this musico-historical festival were extended in grand style two years ago at Cassel; from a series of Mozart-performances there sprang an entire history of German opera in eighteen stage-representations, the first work being Gluck's *Iphigenie* and the last Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Between these came the most remarkable operas of Mozart, Dittersdorf, Winter, Weigl, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Marschner, Kreutzer, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Lortzing, Schumann, Nicolai, and Flotow. This was a brilliant and, moreover, in the present deplorable dearth of novelties, a very practical notion.

A performance of *Idomeneo* demands now-a-days almost as much courage as trouble. We offer, therefore, the management of the Imperial Operahouse our warmest thanks, for we had long since abandoned the hope of meeting the much-tried King of Crete elsewhere than in the score. The feelings with which, after studying it afresh, I clapped to that score, did not, I frankly confess, allow me to build very courageously and confidently on the success of the performance. I entered the theatre rather cast down, but found my expectations greatly exceeded both in the impression produced by the opera on myself directly and in the effect it had on the public. Grave doubts as to the success of the work were fairly admissible. The mere fact that a grand opera like *Idomeneo*, dating from the period of its composer's greatest freshness, never could obtain a firm footing anywhere, is a striking phenomenon, as is also the circumstance that, when the worship of Mozart was strongest, this same *Idomeneo* was performed extremely seldom. This cannot be caused by external obstacles alone (such, for instance, as difficulty in casting, getting up, &c.); without some internal reason existing in the work itself, it appears to me inconceivable and abnormal that the latter would have been neglected in Vienna for over sixty years. As I sat anxiously awaiting the performance, everything risky struck me as being doubly so. Is the opera possible? I kept asking myself. First comes the libretto! That is the source of all mischief. The book of *Idomeneo* is in bad taste, empty, wearisome, and all in the indescribably antiquated garb proper to the mythological opera of gods and heroes. What stereotyped stage figures! The King is to sacrifice his son for the purpose of appeasing the wrath of Neptune, but prefers laying down his own life, while the son offers himself for his father, and the son's beloved is ready to perish for the young man, till at last a tin-voiced oracle cuts through this coil of noble sentiments, and re-unites, alive and contented, those who have so worried themselves for nothing. All these exalted Kings, Princes, Princesses, and High Priests, with their proud gestures and exaggerated phrases—smell mouldy. I would simply direct attention to the fact that the libretto, so antiquated for us, was old-fashioned even when the Abbé Varesco, of Salzburg, cobbled it together for Mozart in 1780. Campra, the French composer, had set the same story seventy years previously, and had his "*Tragédie lyrique*," *Idoménée*, performed at the Paris Grand Opera in 1712. It is incomprehensible how the old Italian Court festival opera, that artificial exotic, could keep its ground so long in Germany; and it is incomprehensible how these lifeless figures, with their hollow and pompous verses, could exist ten years after Göthe wrote his *Götz von Berlichingen*.

And how injuriously the old libretto influenced the musical form of *Idomeneo*! The opera contains, exclusive of the very numerous and very long recitatives, six-and-twenty numbers; with the exception of a duet, a trio, and a quartet, together with a few marches and choral movements, these numbers are all airs. Leaving out of consideration the subordinate part of the High Priest, which is written for a bass, *Idomeneo* requires exclusively high voices. One tenor (*Idomeneo*) is pitted against three soprano parts, for *Idamante* was really intended for a castrato. These are arrangements which, utterly undramatic, strike us now-a-days as simply unnatural; yet Mozart conformed to these rules of the old opera seria, which appear only partially vivified and brightened

up by French influences, especially Gluck's. Thus, the music of *Idomeneo* belongs partly to the weakly bravura style of Italian opera seria, and partly to the stiff pathos of French tragedy. When one of the personages begins an air, it sounds as though he did so for the purpose of publicly making a speech about his feelings. Even the motive is mostly set forth in a highly impressive, sharply defined manner, as though the speaker were undertaking to prove a thesis. The working out, too, of the theme is conducted with the same cumbersome regularity which the incipient rhetorician learns in his "Chria:" the broadest development, numberless repetitions of words and sentences, and, finally, a bravura appendix as a *Captatio benevolentie*. This kind of vocal solo is totally unknown to us in modern opera, and still more so to the singer of the present day, as he discovers in his despair. Yet, despite all this, we must repeat, *Idomeneo* produced an unexpectedly strong impression on the assembly. You felt under the spell of a high and noble artistic mind. Mozart's incomparable genius holds away here like some irresistible force of nature, bursting like the light and warmth of the sun through mouldering hedges and rotten hangings. When he wrote *Idomeneo*, he was in all the strength of youth; four-and-twenty years, and fifty in his knowledge of art. He was able to fill the old operatic forms with precious material; he did not yet dare to put them on one side. How quickly, however, he freed himself from the constraint of superannuated formulas is proved by *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, written the same year; in that work, the pathetic style of Constance is already surrounded by natural truthfulness replete with life and healthy humour. And only five years later he created *Figaro* and *Don Juan*, those first and unequalled models of a musical style, at once ideal and realistic, wherein the sensual beauty of the music grows simultaneously with the most animated dramatic expression. This was a newly discovered world of which former musicians had no presentiment, aye, a world which even Mozart himself, when he wrote *Idomeneo*, saw only as in a dream. *Don Juan*, *Figaro*, and *Die Zauberflöte*—these are, properly speaking, the three mighty adversaries banded against *Idomeneo*. With these, the later Mozart supplanted the earlier. Directly we experienced in *Don Juan*, for the first time on the operatic stage, the glowing actuality of life, and distinguished in all the melodies the pulsation of our own feelings and desires—from that moment, *Idomeneo* necessarily struck us as strange, cold, and unintelligible. *Idomeneo* represents that uninterrupted, straight line of sublimity against which the mixture of tragedy and humour in *Don Juan* stands out so refreshingly, like a drama by Shakspeare against one by Corneille or Racine. *Idomeneo* was driven back—and for a long time, too—but not set aside, by Mozart's later operas; works of this kind may be overshadowed, but certainly not annihilated. The more our musically unproductive age, so poor in genius, busies itself with the masterpieces of a former period, the deeper and broader must become our interest in the historical connection of art, the more irresistibly is our attention directed to the forgotten *Idomeneo*.

Thus it came to pass that, on the 25th inst., every seat in the Operahouse, Vienna, was occupied by an audience who had brought with them not merely the proper reverential feeling but, what is more, a delightful impressionability, and who allowed themselves to be impartially influenced by every beauty in the work. A mere success of respect, such as we feared, fell to the lot of the first act alone; the conclusion of the second act and the whole of the third found the public deeply moved. The triumph of young Mozart was here genuine and unconditional. The first act is at least calculated to enlist our sympathies; its predominating features are a monotonous succession of long recitatives and airs, and the dragging character of the ever pathetic, but effeminate melody. After what Mozart gave us in *Don Juan*, we cannot consider, for instance, the moving situation, when *Idomeneo* first meets his son, as musically rendered with sufficient energy. In the concluding scene of the first act, the music would probably strike us as poor, had we not the very picturesque ballet whereon to feast our eyes. We cannot say whether Alexander the Great would, as Oulibicheff assures us, have chosen no music save the D major march for his entry into Babylon, but every one will remark with interest the enormous distance between the pale solemnity of the ceremonial music in *Idomeneo* and the swelling magnificence of our marches in *Le Prophète* and *Tann-*

häuser now-a-days. The second act—just like the first and the third—is opened by Ilia with an air; her sweet theme, “Se il Padrè perdei,” exhibits at the very third bar a direct tendency to Tamino’s “Air with the Portrait,” and a smile lighted up the faces of the audience as though at a joyful and unexpected meeting. The succeeding celebrated pieces: Idomeneo’s air in D major (from which the rich bravura work has been broken out down to the tiniest stone) and the grand trio, did not appear to quite equal the high expectations which reverential readers had brought with them to the theatre after reading the masterly analyses of Otto Jahn and Oulibicheff. On the other hand, the grandiose final scene, with the storm and the appearance of the Sea-Monster, produced all due effect. This scene—a musico-historical monument from the way in which it was rendered with a power hitherto unknown by the orchestra and chorus—carries us away, as though it had been composed only yesterday, and composed, be it observed, by Mozart. It is considered the climax of the opera, and as such we, too, regarded it, till the animated performance revealed to us all the grandeur of the *third* act, before which everything that precedes, even the sea storm, must give way. The Raffael-like, serious beauty of the quartet, the exalted melancholy of the G minor chorus (with the High Priest), and lastly, the whole of the grand scene of the sacrifice in the temple, produced a profound and gradually increasing effect. Nothing here reminds us of the rococo form and stilted style of the *old heroic opera*, but might without more ado take its place in *Don Juan*.

The management of the Operahouse and the public brought to the performance of *Idomeneo* a laudable quality: respect for what is great and classical. Both were richly rewarded, since they derived from the opera a more lively impression than they anticipated. Even granting that *Idomeneo*, though it is the duty and the desire of every educated person to become acquainted with it, may not draw, its success will certainly not be inferior to that achieved by *Die Fäulinger*, *Die Maccabäer*, and other similar works, while the management of the Operahouse will, at least, have the consciousness of having fulfilled a noble duty—of having, in an æsthetic sense, behaved properly. This holds good likewise of the way in which the opera was put on the stage. Most managers think that, when getting up old classical operas, they may be very close and economical; that the music alone will do everything. For works of the *Idomeneo* school this would be an exceedingly pernicious maxim, which the management of the Imperial Operahouse has fortunately avoided. The *mise-en-scène* was in every respect magnificent. Concerning the embodiment of the Sea-Monster alone, we have our serious doubts. There dances over the waves a kind of gigantic bat, surmounted, to the surprise of everyone, by a venerable head, with a long white beard. But the scene requires an actual and entire monster, and not one reaching merely to the neck; let us have, therefore, a fire-spitting dragon, instead of a winged rabbi. The principal characters were admirably cast. Of course, the style of *Idomeneo*, requiring as it does the art of broad sustained song quite as much as virtuoso-like bravura, is strange to, and partially beyond the reach of, our singers, brought up in the music of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Wagner. Measured by a strict Mozart-standard, the singing was unquestionably not perfect. We leave it to others to try offenders, and frankly own with respect to the relative excellence of all the leading artists charged with so difficult a task that we were much pleased and somewhat surprised. Mmes Ehn and Materna, Herren Müller and Labatt, fully deserved the applause so liberally bestowed on them. An especial acknowledgment is due, likewise, to the *Capellmeister*, Herr Fuchs, for shortening, with taste and skill, the score (no longer presentable in its original shape), simplifying some things and touching up others, as required, at one time by the idiosyncrasies of the singers, and, at another, by the exigencies of the operatic stage. Under his inspiring guidance, the entire performance went off admirably.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

Vienna, Oct. 27.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—The operas during the week have comprised the *Huguenots*, *Mignon*, *Rigoletto*, *Carmen*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. For to-day’s performance *Faust* is selected, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Marguerite; for to-night we are promised *Aida*, with Mad. Marie Roze as *Aida* and Sig. Fancelli (first time in this country) as *Rhadames*. More next week.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY’S admirable London Ballad Concerts are announced to begin, at St James’s Hall, on the 19th inst. They will be wisely continued on the plan which has proved so successful. Mr. Boosey is too clever an administrator not to respect the time-honoured maxim, “Leave well alone.”

THE death of that excellent pianist, sound musician, and accomplished lady, Mrs Joseph Robinson, has thrown a gloom not only over her immediate circle of friends, but over the musical profession generally, including all who can appreciate and admire remarkable talent accompanied by winning manners and natural amiability.

MESSRS. BOOSEY & Co. have just published a volume of songs selected from the best of Handel’s Italian operas. The old printed text has been thoroughly revised by Miss M. X. Hayes, who, being a professor of singing of the Italian school, is eminently fitted for the task, and who has added an excellent English version. The volume is edited from the original scores by Mr W. T. Best, and is a real boon to the numberless admirers of Handel’s music in this country.

IN his able lecture on the Opera Mr Sutherland Edwards, I am sure, did not mean to furnish a scientific contribution to the history of music, but an amiable discourse, interspersed with very interesting bits of information, witty remarks, and keen observation of that inexhaustible treasure—woman’s nature. The audience, highly interested and amused, interrupted the clever lecturer more than once with bursts of applause.—“Atlas” (*World*).

LAST Tuesday, Nov. 4th, being the anniversary of Mendelssohn’s death, the annual committee-meeting of the “Mendelssohn Scholarships Foundation” was held in the rooms at Great Marlborough Street.

THE lady who, under the name of Pisani, replaced Mdme Trebelli in a recent performance of *Dinorah* at Her Majesty’s Theatre, and sang the Goatherd’s air so charmingly, is Mdme Frapolli, wife to Sig. Frapolli, the tenor, one of the readiest and most versatile members of Colonel Mapleson’s company.

MR CARL ROSA paid London a flying visit at the end of last week. His admirable company opened at the new theatre, Bristol, on Monday. They are successful everywhere, as they and their energetic chief so well deserve to be. Bath was their next destination.

THERE appears to be some doubt as to whether Goetz’s *Taming of the Shrew* will be given during the actual series of performances at Her Majesty’s Theatre. It is to be hoped that the doubt is based on no substantial authority.

A GREAT many of my Irish readers will long mourn the death of Mrs. Joseph Robinson, of Upper Fitzwilliam Street, Dublin, one of a musical family who have long delighted a very large circle of friends and acquaintance. Her husband, who played with Mendelssohn, earned a just celebrity for his admirable arrangements of Irish melodies—notably, “I saw from the beach.”—*Whitehall Review*.

IT is rumoured that Sir Michael Costa will resign the conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society after the forthcoming series of performances. These, however, will of course comprehend the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, which Sir Michael has directed, with such commanding ability, since 1857.

MR JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, the celebrated comedian, was buried, on Thursday afternoon, in the cemetery at Lewisham. He died at the age of 77.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG is to be the pianist at the Crystal Palace to-day. She will play Rubinstein’s D minor Concerto. The Symphony is Mozart’s “Jupiter”—the earliest Colossus. The overture selected is Beethoven’s great *Leonora*.

ADELINA PATTI AT THE TROCADERO.

(From "L'Art Musical.")

The Festival given a week since, at the Trocadéro, for the benefit of the Association of Dramatic Artists, was successful beyond all expectation, as is proved by the amount taken, namely, seventy thousand francs! No such result was ever achieved, probably, at any concert with a programme, if we except a single name, of the most ordinary description. MM. Talazac, Lassalle, Coquelin, Delaunay, Dumaine, Saint-Germain, Mmes Céline Chaumont, Judic, and Granier, are doubtless talented artists, but, after all, their radiancy is not equivalent to that of four thousand twenty-franc pieces. M. Coquelin, Senr., the official artist, the brilliant continuer of the late Poquelin de Molière, M. Coquelin, Senr., the low comedian of the fashionable world, the epic Mascarille, destined to become, some day, over and over again, historical, cannot reasonably pretend that he draws 80,000 francs—his well-known modesty will not allow us to suppose such a thing.

As for Mdle Sarah Bernhardt, it is very possible that, after the tremendous way in which she got herself puffed in England regarding her commercial treaties with America—treaties broken off as soon as made so as to render the puffing still more effective—it is very possible, we say, that she might have counted for two thousand francs in the receipts—just double M. Coquelin; but Mdle Sarah Bernhardt failed to come, though she had promised she would. The public, however, did not express any regret. It is, therefore, allowable to assume that the Comédie-Française, notwithstanding M. Coquelin and Mdle Sarah Bernhardt, did not count for much in Thursday's receipts.

But there *was* a name, we say. Yes, there *was*, indeed, a name, the name of Adelina Patti! That name was enough to ensure the receipts, whatever may be the opinion of M. Coquelin, the official low comedian, and of Mdle Sarah Bernhardt, who sent down an apology far too late for us to accept it. There was Mme Adelina Patti, and that was sufficient. We may now say so without dread. Had she been all alone, the receipts would not have been five francs less. The crowd had come for Mdme Patti, whom they had not heard for years, and gave her one of those receptions which stand out in an artist's existence, no matter what her previous career may have been. The lady's success was instantaneous—electric. The public shouted when she entered, and the ovation appeared a protest against very many annoyances which we will not even mention. Immediately the celebrated vocalist opened her lips and began pouring forth her beautiful and pure notes like pearls of price, her success became greater, and soon reached the extreme limits of enthusiasm. The air from *Semiramide* and that from *Ernani* electrified the audience, especially the second, which our *dilettanti* had not previously heard sung by Mdme Patti, and which marks a fresh step in her career. Mdme Patti, from the very first an admirable light singer, is now an accomplished artist, interpreting compositions of the grand school with a force and style as remarkable as her grace and agility were at the outset charming—she is Lucia as well as Norina, Aida quite as much as Rosina, *Semiramide*, *Violetta*, *Teresina*, or *Valentine*. Her talent is superb, astonishingly supple, and arrived at complete maturity. The public were not to be deceived. They applauded Mdme Patti as they seldom applaud any one. As we said when we began, it was one of those triumphs an artist never forgets, whatever her past career and renown.

Seventy thousand francs, Gentlemen of the Association! Very much more than is required to raise a monument to Taylor, the artisan of your fortune!

LEIPZIG.—The programme of the third Gewandhaus Concert was thus constituted: Part I.—Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Recitative and Aria from *Euryanthe* (sung by Mad. Moran-Olden, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine); Concerto for Violoncello, D. Popper (new and unpublished. Played by the composer). Part II.—Symphony in E flat major, No. 3, Haydn; Songs, Hermann Götz, Mozart (Mad. Moran-Olden); Violoncello Solos—"Träumerei," Schumann; Gavotte, Popper—(Herr D. Popper); "Chaconne" and "Rigadon," from *Aline, Reine de Golconde*, Monsigny. The first of the series of Euterpe Subscription Concerts took place on the 21st ult.

To Magtail.

(Amphigouri.)

NORTH SOUTH AND EAST BROOKS.—More, more, more. "As things are getting worse" console us with thy verse 'tis gayer than a hearse and balms a heart that's sore the moon looks on many brooks the brook can see no moon but one that moon which hid itself so long at Malvern prevented us from gazing at the tall fern.



Half Moon.—I am not Moon I am but half so prythee brooklets hold your chaff my brook is neither south nor north brook nor east but simply gentle Westbrook.

Brook Westbrook is seen hard by on a boulder.

Brook Westbrook.—I am that brook so deign a look if I'm forsook by thee I cook—

Half Moon.—Your Goose! (*vanishes*.)

Brook Westbrook.—O listen to my lays I'm not a dog that bays though thou be'st not Full Moon thou'st pass'd away too soon I'll take thee half and half one first and then the other you'll be my better halves to fright away the calves and so make end of bother.

Half Moon from behind a cloud.

Half Moon (*as from afar*).—Ahem!

A dog bays from hedge.

Dog.—Bowwowwowwowrrrow—OW!

Half Moon.—I cannot stand this baying (*disappears behind cloud*.)

Dog bays louder.

Dog.—Bowwowwowwow—ow—bow—WOW!

Brook Westbrook.—And this also is vanity! Flosshilde!

Lightning.

Mr Ap'Button (*from the new discovered planet Sturgeon*).—Who names that name? He'll waken Mrs Sturgeon (*thunder*).

Brook Westbrook (*shivering*).—That voice! Demnition!

Trees torn up by the roots, hills levelled, Vale of Worcester becomes mountains.

Brook Westbrook.—I'll go into Wink's and have forty.

North Hotel blown with Corelli Cottage over Breadon into Severn.

Brook Westbrook (*looking round in dismay*).—Where shall I go? These are but crevasses. (Tank bursts and floods all Malvern. J. Evans loses his copy of *Sporting Times*, Mellor his three pugs, and Morris of the Link the remnant of his occiput.)

Brook Westbrook.—Holes, holes, holes!

GHOST OF LOCKETT'S CAT.

NOBLE ANIMAL.—"Mieu—mieu—mieu—mie—oost" (*sneezes*).—To Hallow the Hole.

Brook Westbrook (*at Hallow the Hole, liquoring up with Holmes of Hallow*).—Here's a coil! 'Olmes, to you!

Lightning—Thunder.

Mr Ap'Button (*from the planet Sturgeon*).—Ha! Flosshilde indeed! Richard, your health! (*To Mrs Sturgeon—softly*).—And so they would waken thee, dearest? (*kisses Mrs S.*) Humph!

Flynn of the Porass.

VIENNA.—On the 26th October Herr Emil Titl celebrated his fiftieth professional anniversary and kept his seventieth birthday. When he was twenty he wrote the opera, *Die Burgfrau*, performed successfully in Brünn and Olmütz. During the long period he was a military bandmaster, and conductor at the Theater an der Wien, the Theater in der Josefstadt, and the Burgtheater, he wrote above 300 musical compositions. He was pensioned in 1870, and since that time has given lessons on musical theory and filled the post of Professor of the Organ to the St Cecilia Association. Beyond the limits of Austria he is best known by his opera, *Die Zauberschleier*.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

M. Ch. Lecocq's last venture, *La Jolie Persane*, a three act buffo opera, at the Renaissance, is likely to fill that popular place of amusement for some time to come, and soon find its way in all sorts of languages and in all sorts of adaptations, all over the Globe. It will require to be adapted very severely before it can be given in England, for MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, authors of the libretto, have, in their efforts to be amusing, evidently held the opinion that fun comes before propriety. It appears that by an ancient law of Persia, a divorced couple cannot marry again, supposing they feel inclined to do so, unless the female "party" marries a second time and then divorces from her second husband, previously to renewing partnership with her first. According to MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, this law works well and is so popular among the subjects of the Shah, that there are persons who make a very fair livelihood by acting as "Hullas," or temporary husbands, ready, for a consideration, to enter the holy state of matrimony one day and leave it the next, or, at any rate, as soon as the the Persian Sir James Hannen will allow. Such a Hulla is Broudoudour, who, for discretion and exemplary conduct altogether, is a perfect model with so high a professional reputation that he has already been married one hundred and fifteen times, and cared as little for his one hundred and fifteen wives as a European husband frequently cares for his one. In private life, however, as a man and a brother, Broudoudour is as susceptible as the rest of his species, and much attached to Babouche, a charming young lady, who sells oranges. Broudoudour's one hundred and sixteenth pair of clients are Nadir and Namouna. The Prince of the country has fallen desperately in love with the latter shortly after her union with Nadir. Thanks to a quarrel cunningly encouraged by an unscrupulous Cadi, an agent of the Prince, the youthful couple resolved to be divorced, and Namouna is free. But, before the Prince can derive any advantage from this fact, the appellant and respondent repent of what they have done, and call in Broudoudour to act as Hulla. On the marriage night, while Namouna is sleeping in one corner of the room and Broudoudour in the opposite one, the Prince enters stealthily, snatches a kiss from the lady, and disappears. A great disturbance ensues. Namouna awakes suddenly and accuses Broudoudour of having been scandalously false to professional etiquette. The unfortunate Hulla vehemently protests he would scorn such meanness, but his protestations avail him nothing, and, in conformity with another old Persian law, for the discovery of which we are again indebted to MM. Leterrier and Vanloo, he is compelled to remain the permanent husband of the lady he has offended. The result may be imagined. Fury and despair animate in turns the various characters, till the Prince, as fickle as inflammable, falls in love with the wife of the Cadi, whom the latter has vainly endeavoured to preserve from danger by dressing her up as a boy—just as, in Wycherley's comedy, Pinchwife dresses up Mrs Pinchwife—passing her off as his clerk, Koukouli. Matters are explained; Namouna is re-united to Nadir; Broudoudour espouses Babouche, *pour de vrai*; and the Prince announces his intention of elevating Koukouli to be the partner of his throne and heart as soon as the preliminary second marriage and consequent divorce required by the Persian law have been duly solemnized.

The music is lively, graceful, and characteristic. The concerted pieces are well written, and display the hand of the practised musician, well aware of the exigencies of the stage. In the first act the more striking numbers are the Cadi's couplets: "L'Ete, quand la pêche est mûre," the rondo: "J'étais encor dans mon bercan," and the duet: "Monsieur, reprenez cette rose." Then comes the second act, the best of the three, containing as it does the most charming bits in the whole work: the Persian song: "Ainsi qu'à l'orient vermeil," the duet: "A demain, à demain," and the finale, with the answer of the chorus *à bouche fermée*. Coming after so strong a second act, the third has hardly a fair chance; but it can boast of some extremely pretty things, and the curtain always falls on loud and prolonged applause.

Mlle Jane Hading is a worthy successor to Mlle Granier, and her voice, though not strong, is agreeable and fresh. She manages it, also, with much skill for a *prima donna*—of buffo opera. Mlle Gélabert was not a perfectly satisfactory Prince, but both composer and librettists may consider themselves fortunate in securing such a Babouche as Mlle Desclauzas. A novice, Mlle

Lilia Herman produced a favourable impression as Koukouli. MM. Ismaël and Vauthier were excellent as Broudoudour and the Cadi, respectively. The scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène* generally were worthy of the high reputation enjoyed by the theatre for those details, in other words: they were rich, picturesque, and in exquisite taste.

The Popular Opera has been inaugurated at the Gaité with Halévy's *Guido et Ginevra*, first produced at the Grand Opera in 1838, with Mesdames Dorus-Gras, Stoltz, MM. Duprez and Massol in the leading parts. On the present occasion, Mlle Perlani was the Ginevra and M. Warot her lover, both acquitting themselves with credit.—A new work, *La Fille du Tambour-major*, music by Offenbach, is promised for next month at the Folies Dramatiques.

SARDOU'S NEW PLAY.

Paris, Thursday, Nov. 6.

I hear that M. Sardou is to read his new play to-morrow to the Théâtre Français. It is a piece in five acts, and as the production of this drama will be, unless I am mistaken, the *début* of the still young and prolific author at the Maison de Molière, the event will prove to be one of more than ordinary theatrical interest. This must be my excuse for speaking of a new play before it has even been read; but I am bound to add that in doing so I am not acting contrary to the wishes of M. Sardou himself. All that can be said about the subject of the play at this early date, however, is that the lover, although an atheist, is a man of the loftiest and noblest character, and the very soul of honour, while the heroine is strong in her conviction of the truth of Christianity. It is on the separation of these mutually attached beings by the antagonism of their religious belief—if the word can be applied to a negation of faith—that the whole plot turns. But it has not been M. Sardou's aim to draw what may be called a political contrast between Ultramontanism and Free Thought. In order, it may be assumed, to avoid this conclusion, he has represented his heroine to be a Protestant. The scene of the drama is laid on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and the action takes place in the midst of the Anglo-American society there assembled. The cast of the play will naturally not be definitely settled till after the reading, but the author has written with certain artists of the Comédie-Française in his mind's eye. I understand that he originally destined the principal characters for Mlle Sarah Bernhardt and M. Worms, but as the work progressed the character of both personages became modified in his creative hands. The heroine grew of softer mould, and the lover more mature in years. M. Sardou's present idea is that Mlle Bartet shall enact the part of a heroine in whom he has reproduced his ideal of womanhood, while Delaunay is to personify the hero. The character of an old Protestant lady who delights in distributing tracts, visiting the poor, and airing her religious ideas in and out of season, is to be portrayed by Mlle Jouassain, while the part of a servant will be assigned either to Coquelin or to Thiron, the heroine's younger sister will probably be Mlle Baretta, and M. Febvre will undertake one of those secondary characters of which he knows how to make so much.—(*Correspondence of "Daily Telegraph."*)

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

PERVERSION.

No. 1.

"*Quidam Horner Johannulus
In angulo sedebat;
Arctoreas quoddam deglutiens,
Pollex inseruit, pruna excellens manū,
Magnā Voce exclamavit:
'Puer quam bonus, Dii boni, fio.'*"

J. L.

[Other perversions will follow, in due order and in various languages. No. 2 will be from the pen of Mr F. C. Burnand (with picture); No. 3 from that of Mr H. Sutherland Edwards; No. 4 from that of Enricus Edmundus Jacobus Polkavius.—D. B.]

In consequence of the indisposition of Mlle Ilma di Murska, the young and promising Mlle Lido undertook the by no means easy part of Filina, in Saturday's performance of *Mignon* at Her Majesty's Theatre, acquitting herself more than creditably.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Le Grand Casimir, by Leococq, libretto by MM. Goudinet, J. Prével, and A. de St Albin, was successfully produced last night at the theatre, the acting of M. P. Bérard and Mlle J. Béla, as the hero and heroine, adding to the effect, while the chorus and orchestra were up to the mark. I cannot enter into the details of the plot, passion, and vicissitudes of the manager and managers of the famous "Circus company." Suffice it the three acts entitled "Le dompteur de Fauves," "Le Marié Corse," and "Une nuit de nocé," were well received. The music is sparkling, but sprinkled rather sparingly among the dialogue. The situations are curious, and some of the dialogue would not do for the Lord Chamberlain to peruse. It is to be repeated several times here, but could not be given in London in its present shape.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 5th Nov.

X. T. R.

—o—
OPERA A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Prussia in 1778—at that time a pure despotism, ruled as to its entire population, like Frederick's own orchestra, with the stick—paid more attention to operatic matters, though infinitely less to music as an art, than it does now. The king's knowledge of music seems to have been about equal to his genius for poetry; and as Voltaire, after he had quarrelled with Frederick, sneered at his Majesty's French verses, so musicians who had been employed in the royal band, and who had given the royal bandmaster private lessons, informed the world, after leaving the king's service, how indifferently his Majesty played the flute. Sovereigns are, perhaps, more modest now; in any case, they possess better taste than distinguished some members of their order toward the end of the last century. Joseph II. had the audacity to tell Mozart that in his *Mariage de Figaro* there were "too many notes," which drew from the justly offended composer the reply that it contained "precisely the right number." Frederick the Great, although barely able to read a score, used to conduct the orchestral execution of important works, and, combining the functions of operatic manager with those of musical director, engaged his own artists; and when, whether from indisposition or from pure caprice, they declared themselves unable to sing, sent soldiers to arrest them and bring them by force to the theatre. The Empress Catherine, with all her faults, had too much womanly feeling and too much tact to impose commands or even counsels upon Paisiello, Cimarosa, and the other musical celebrities whom she invited to her court. Indeed, on one occasion, when the Russian Empress made some observation to the famous Gabrieli on the subject of the terms demanded by that *prima donna*, pointing out to her that she was asking a higher salary than any Russian field-marshal received, the Italian vocalist is said to have replied to the Russian Czarina that she "had better get field-marshal to sing." No singer, however eminent, would have ventured to make such an answer to Frederick, who rather piqued himself on his ability to keep vocalists in their proper place. This, as no less an authority than Dr Burney has informed us, he was able to do in more than one sense of the word. The king officiated when Dr Burney was at Berlin, just one hundred years ago, as general conductor, "standing in the pit behind the *chef-d'orchestre*, so as to have a view of the score, and drilling his musical troops in true military fashion." If any mistake was committed on the stage or in the orchestra, the king stopped the offender, and admonished him; while, if he ventured to alter a single passage in his part, the king "severely reprimanded him, and ordered him to keep to the notes written by the composer." Italy, however, a hundred years ago, was still the great nursery of music. Her composers, as represented by Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmo Pergolese, and Piccini, visited the chief European capitals, as those capitals are visited in the present day by the great Italian singers. Not that in the last century the Italian singers abstained from making tours. But Italy now sends out singers alone, whereas a hundred years ago every country in Europe looked to Italy not only for singers but also for composers, who travelled to the principal Courts and the most celebrated operahouses to superintend the performance of their own works. The Italian opera of those days was scarcely a more intellectual entertainment than it is now. So, at least, it would seem from an account of the operatic performances of his time left by an ingenious Italian author who was contemporary of Cimarosa and Paisiello. The operatic dramatist or librettist had already learned not to allow himself to be hampered by conditions of time, place, unity, or probability. The ordinary incidents and scenes of the eighteenth century librettist were "dungeons, daggers, poison, boar-hunts, earthquakes, sacrifices, madness, and so on." If a husband

and wife were discovered in prison, and one of them had to be led away to die, it was indispensable that the other should remain to sing an air, which, says the satirical historian of opera in the eighteenth century, "should be to lively words, so as to relieve the feelings of the audience, and make them understand that the whole affair is a joke." It was, further, a rule in the *ars operatica* of that day, that "if two of the characters made love, or plotted a conspiracy, they should always do so in the presence of servants or attendants." The *prima donna* of a hundred years since was, like our own cherished heroines of the soprano voice, in the habit of exacting payments which, though trifling compared with those of the present day, were already thought exorbitant. The *prima donna* of the year 1778 was accustomed, moreover, to add to her airs, variations, passages, and embellishments, and it was observed that, if she got hold of a "new passage in rapid triplets" she would introduce it in all her solo pieces. Her great object, however, was to sing as high as possible; and in 1778, as in 1878, the higher she could "rise in the scale" the surer she was of having the principal parts allotted to her.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—o—
PROVINCIAL.

BRIGHTON.—On Wednesday afternoon, September 29, Mr E. H. Thorne held his pianoforte recital in the banqueting room of the Royal Pavilion. Mozart's Grand Sonata in C major was the opening piece, played by Mr E. H. Thorne and his son, Mr Herbert Thorne. Mr Thorne's first solo was Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's "The Lake." This was followed by Rubinstein's "Pregiera," and John Field's "Twelve o'clock Rondo." Each composition was capitally interpreted. Field's little *morceau* was particularly pleasing, the audience demanding its repetition. Mr Thorne also gave three short solos by Chopin, Beethoven, and Raff, eliciting hearty applause. Mr H. Lazarus, one of the finest clarinet players of the day, delighted the audience with G. A. Macfarren's *Traditions of Shakspeare*. The rich, mellow tone of Mr Lazarus, and the artistic way in which the songs were given, were listened to with wrapped attention, and loud applause followed, the executant having to come forward and bow his acknowledgments. He was equally successful in Mr E. H. Thorne's "Suite de Pièces," for pianoforte and clarinet. —Brighton teems with music just now: Mr Kuhe is bringing down all the stars of the London Opera, and Mr Watts' Philharmonic Concerts are in full swing. The German Reeds are announced, and meanwhile an entertainment of their order has been given by Mr and Mrs Law (Miss Fanny Holland, for many years the prominent member of Mrs Reed's company). Miss Emily Soldene is playing *Carmen* in alternation with Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*, *Genesio* de Brabant, and *Madame Angot*, and the performance draws, though it verges on burlesque. She is assisted by a not inefficient company, but they are handicapped by the *finesse* of Bizet's music. For that smaller section of visitors who confess themselves unmusical, there is the intellectual treat of Mr Brandram's frequent recitations; the songs and incidental music of which are given with sufficient charm to attract musicians as well.

AT REST! *

(Impromptu for Music.)

"Hush! do not wake her, she is sleeping now,
The lines of pain have left her tender brow;
I dare not lift her e'en upon my breast,
Lest I should break my darling's tranquil rest."
So spake a mother, bending o'er the bed,
Where pillow'd lay a tiny golden head.

"Thro' days and nights of grief I've watching pray'd,
As in her eyes the fever lightnings play'd,
And on her cheek its crimson flush lay deep,
Pray'd that my sweet one might be given sleep;
And see at length my prayer is heard, and she
Lies hush'd in softest rest now peacefully."

Poor watcher, blind with hope, dost thou not see
The angel standing at thy very knee?
Dost thou not hear the "Farewell!" sweet and low,
That floats from angel lips around thee now?
Rais'd from thine arms upon her Father's breast,
Thy child indeed is wrapp'd in perfect rest!

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

WAIFS.

Carolina Ferni played lately at a concert in Barcelona.
M. F. Rummel, pianist, has been giving concerts at Montreal.
Hofmann's *Aennchen von Tharau* has been performed in Lubeck.
Ignaz Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz* has been performed in Chicago (U.S.).
Signora Pasqua made her *début* at the Teatro Real, Madrid, in *La Favorita*.

A new theatre, il Teatro San Felipe, will shortly be completed at Montevideo.

Signora Tremelli's voice was much admired in *La Favorita* at St Petersburg.

Dr Hanslick's book, *Vom Musikalisch-Schönen*, has been translated into Spanish.

Signor Boito's *Mefistofele* will probably be performed at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence.

Signor Salvini, the great tragedian, will give some performances next month in Vienna.

Coppelia, with M. Léo Delibes' music, is in preparation at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin.

Herr Hans von Bülow has tendered his resignation as Royal Chapelmaster in Hanover.

Mdme Albani commences her engagement at the Pagliano, Florence, on the 20th inst.

M. and Mdme Jaell will play at the Liège Popular Concerts, which re-commence on the 20th inst.

A hitherto unpublished Stringed Quartet by Mendelssohn will shortly be issued by H. Erler, Berlin.

Herr Schwantzer, Director of the Berlin Musical Institution, has been created Royal Prussian Professor.

A new symphony, in D minor, from the pen of Alb. Becker, has been performed by the Berlin Symphonie-Capelle.

The first concert of the series announced by the Philharmonic Orchestra, Boston (U.S.) took place on the 24th ult.

The man who invented the gas metre invented probably the nearest approach to perpetual motion we shall ever see.

One of the operas, new for Naples, which will probably be given at the San Carlo, is Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*.

Mdme Artôt, with Señor Padilla and Herr Sternberg—the latter as pianist—is making a long concert tour in Southern Russia.

Mdlle Bertha Mehlig, following the example of her well-known sister, Anna, shortly makes her *début* as a pianist. She is not quite eighteen.

Mdme Christine Nilsson receives 90,000 francs for a twelve nights' engagement during the marriage festivities of King Alfonso in Madrid.

In consequence of a telegraphic message, Signora Vitali left for St Petersburg six weeks earlier than the date mentioned in her engagement.

A BOULOGNE PUN.—Why is the song "Gloire au pouvoir exécutif," in the *Fille Angot*, well looked after by the French police? Because it's scene 2.

Herr Schnell, hitherto a teacher in the Grand-Ducal School of Music, Weimar, has succeeded the late Herr Schmock as a member of the Cathedral Choir, Berlin.

Among the operas performed during the coming season at the Teatro del Fondo, Naples, will be *Selvaggia*, by Signor Schira, *Dolores*, by Signor Auteri, and *Patria*, by Signor Bernardi.

Mdlle Anna Bock, the talented young American pianist, embarked at Liverpool in the Germania (White Star line) for New York on Thursday. She intends returning to London in the spring, when, there can be no doubt, her exceptional talent will be widely appreciated.

MAIRIE HEILBRON.—An interesting *début* was made at the opera last night by Mdlle Heilbron, in the favourite but trying character of the heroine of *Faust*. The young lady is favourably known to the frequenters of Covent Garden, but until last night she was best remembered by the Parisians as the representative of various of Offenbach's characters. It is true that she created the part of Juliet in the Marquis d'Ivry's weak opera at the Ventadour, but through all her Parisian successes the scent of the Variétés-opéras bouffes—has clung to her still. In the character of Marguerite, however, she has suddenly revealed herself to her compatriots in the light of an operatic star. As the lyric drama progressed so did the success of the *prima donna* increase, until in the prison scene her voice rang through the house with resonance and passion that charmed all present. The first of M. Vaucorbeil's *débutantes* has proved a signal success.—*Paris Correspondent of the Daily Telegraph*.

Mr George Augustus Sala intends wintering somewhere in the Southern States of the American Union, probably at New Orleans. He starts for New York on the 15th inst., and we may be sure that, immediately after his arrival on the other side of the Atlantic, he will begin work as "special correspondent."

"PINAFORE!" "PINAFORE!!" "PINAFORE!!!"—*Pinafore* at the Standard Theatre, with Tom Whiffen and the original company; *Pinafore* at the Aquarium; *Pinafore* at Wood's Broadway Theatre; *No Pinafore* at the San Francisco Minstrels' Hall; *Pinafore* at the Brooklyn Athenaeum; *Pinafore* at the Jersey City Academy next week. Verily, New York has *Pinafore* on the brain.—*New York Musical Times*.

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GALOP	Fun of the ball Marriott	VALSE	An der Themse Strand ..	Keler Bela
POLKA-MAZURKA ..	Mignonette C. Godfrey	POLKA	Butterfly's Ball	C. Coote, Jun.
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GALOP	After dark	Montgomery	VALSE	Kathleen Mavourneen ..	Montgomery
POLKA	Blush rose C. Godfrey	GALOP	Wind up C. Godfrey
LANCERS	Princess Louise C. Godfrey	COUNTRY DANCE ..	Off she goes Old English

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GALOP	Domino	C. Coote, Jun.	VALSE	Kate Kearney C. Coote
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